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THE GOTHS AND THEIR SONS.*

When it is considered that, with some slender exceptions, all we have of the language spoken by the mighty Goths is contained in one translation of the New Testament, and that of this there is but one manuscript, it is remarkable that so many grammars and glossaries should have appeared. Two of the most important works have been published since the literature of the Gothic was posted up by Bosworth, in his learned but rambling preface of two hundred pages; we mean the "Glossarium der Gothischen Sprache, von H. C. v. d. Gabelenz und Dr. J. Loebe," (Leipz. 1843, 4to. pp. 294,) and the book named above this article. The grammar which accompanies the former of these is thorough and exhaustive; founded on the latest conclusions of Bopp, Pott, and Grimm, respecting the Indo-European languages, and offering aids for the study of all the Teutonic tongues, especially of the Anglo-Saxon. Here, as in the somewhat mortifying instance of Rask's Anglo-Saxon Grammar, English scholarship has lain still, and allowed the palm to be taken by continental research. Even now, the copies of Rask which have fallen under our eye, are printed at Copenhagen.

* *Gothisches Glossar*, von Ernst Schulze. Mit einer Vorrede von Jacob Grimm. Magdeburg. 4to. pp. xxii. 454.

LE PAYS LATIN.

NO. I.

Before I entered college, my father, whose business led him almost every year to Europe, put me to school at several places both in France and England. When it was too late, he found out that he would have done better to keep me with old Mr. Ross, at the corner of Fourth and Arch. Though I learned to fence and box, and to talk a little monk's Latin, I got scarcely any exact grammar, and no discipline. In Paris I wandered about those precincts of the Sorbonne, which in a remote age received the name they still bear of the Latin-land, because all the clerky people talked the language of the learned and the church. The name struck my fancy, and suits the whimsies wherewith I refresh my evenings, after sweating over Analytical Geometry and Demosthenes.

The attention paid to Latin and Greek metres in the great schools of England is carried forward at the Universities: there is nothing more characteristic of English scholarship as compared with that of France and Germany. Some of the poems produced in these forcing-beds have become celebrated. I need scarcely name Owen and Vincent Bourne. It is a singular fact that the Latin works of Owen acquired a celebrity even in Spain, where some of them were published in 1682, under the auspices of Francisco de la Torre. But the book of the witty Oxonian made so free with popery, that the *Agudezas de Juan Owen* were placed on the Index Expurgatorius. As to "Vinny Bourne," he that has read either Cowper or Lamb, will remember him. Several of his delicate trifles were put into English by Cowper. There is in Princeton a copy of his poems which once belonged to Charles Lamb, and which has on the inside of the title an autograph of the only Latin epigram he ever wrote, entitled *Suum Cuique*;

with interlineations and changes. It is printed in his life by Mr. (now Sir) Thomas Noon Talfourd. I annex a few specimens of the lighter verses of Cambridge and Oxford.

I.

I am his Highness' dog at Kew,
Pray tell me, sir, whose dog are you?

Pope.

By R. R. W. Lingen, B. A., Fellow of Baliol College,
Oxford.

Principis en catulum, convivam respice regum!
Tu mihi dic, sodes, unde catelle, venis?

II.

As I was a going to sell my eggs,
I met a man with bandy legs,
Bandy legs and crooked toes:
I tripped up his heels, and he fell on his nose.

By the Rev. Francis Hodson, B. D., Eton College.

Ibam forte forum vendendis impiger ovis;
Obvius incurvis vir mihi fit pedibus,
Cruribus et varis: mihi supplantare misellum
Sors erat; in nares incidit ille solo.

III.

Ride a cock-horse
To Banbury Cross,
To see an old woman upon a white horse:
With rings on her fingers
And bells on her toes,
She shall have music wherever she goes.

From the *Arundines Cami*.

Infans, quadrivium ad Banburiensium
Manno te celerem corripe ligneo :
Illic quadrupedem flectere candidum
Miram conspicies Anum.

En, quinque in digitis sex habet annulos
Tintinnabula sex in digitis pedum !
Felix, dulce melos, quod ciet undique,
Quoquo vertitur, audiet !

IV.

Sur le collier d'un chien.

Ne te promets point de largesse :
Quiconque me trouvera,
S'il me ramène à ma maîtresse,
Pour recompense la verra.

By Henry John Hodgson, M. A., of Trinity College,
Cambridge.

Errantem reddas : non indotatus abibis :
Aspicias dominam, nec pete plura, meam.

V.

'Who comes here?' 'A grenadier.'
'What does he want?' 'A pot of beer.'
'Where's your money?' 'I forgot.'
'Get you gone, you drunken sot !'

By the Rev. Henry Drury, M. A.

'Quisnam est qui venit hic?' 'Miles procerus et audax.'
'Quidnam est quod poscis?' 'Da liquidam Cererem.'
'Ast ubi sunt nummi?' 'Sum nummi oblitus et expers.'
'Furcifer, ad corvos, ebrie, pote, tuos !'

E. I. N.

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WORDSWORTH.

The recent death of Wordsworth affords an irresistible invitation to say something about his poetry. So long has he been before the public, that for some years past men have sat in judgment on him with almost the coolness which we ascribe to posterity. It is hard to say whether he has suffered most from his enemies or his friends. His excesses, simplicities, and almost hoaxes, such as Peter Bell, the Idiot Boy, and those Lyrical Ballads in which he did a violence to nature, and brought the Muse not only into the highway but into the very mire, together with his drowsy, dreamy, long-winded homilies in measured prose, have been embalmed and worshipped by a certain class of his admirers. This has done him more harm than Jeffrey's insulting sneers and unrighteous garbling, or than all the laughter exploded against the Lake School.

That Wordsworth will assume his place among the classic poets of England cannot be doubted for a moment. That he will occupy the same level with Shakspeare and Milton, it would be ridiculous to predict. Great contemporaries and rivals, not excepting his bitter lordly satirist, have recorded later judgments, which ought to hush the petty snarlings of

LE PAYS LATIN.

II.

The Sorbonne was originally a "Collegium pauperum magistrorum studentium in theologica facultate." But my poor masters in divinity came at length to be the most famous doctors in Paris, overshadowing the whole theological faculty, which in process of time was called the Sorbonne. In the ages preceding the Reformation, the *Pays Latin* was as potent in European science, as the Bourse is in exchange. When the Sorbonne fulminated against Rousseau and Marmontel, at a later date, the guns were found to be somewhat honeycombed. The sacerdotal personages who steal along under the shade of the high walls have a different air from the menacing doctors of the day when *Celarent* and *Baroco* were more potent than sword or pike. In our day Latin is talked more in jest than earnest, in the collège de Dainville, or des Cholets. The Hotel Cluny remains a perfect specimen of mediæval art, but the youth who chatters Latin under its gothic ornaments are meditating pasquinades on M. Thiers, amidst the smoke of poor cigars. Here is one of them; not the less piquant for being made by an Englishman.

Dic sodes, animose, dic Thiersi!
 Tantus quum fueris domi forisque,
 Illa denique natione cretus
 Quæ jacentia, quæ minuta, verbis
 (Nôsti) magnificis solet vocare;
 Dic, quum sis patre major in culina
 (Nec tamen pater infimus coquorum)
 Cur tanto ingenio unice maligni,
 Te Galli vocitent tui *Coquinum?*
 Quare te minuant ita, O Thiersi?

Many people fancy that Italian is more like Latin than Spanish; but I never could find a boy who could produce half a dozen lines of which the words are equally Italian and Latin. It has often been done in Spanish; for example:

Scribo historias, graves, generosos
 Spiritus, divinos Heroes puros,
 Magnanimos, insignes, bellicosos ;
 Canto de Marte, defensores duros
 Animosos Leones, excellentes,
 De rara industria, invictos, grandes muros,
 Vos animas illustres, præcëminentes
 Invoco, etc.

Mr. Ticknor tells of a whole dissertation which could be read in both languages, and of examples in a Dialogue by Fern. Perez de Oliva, and a Sonnet by Rengifo.

Malherbe's Rose is known as a gem. Here it is, with a version by an Oxonian, Mr. Booth.

Elle étoit de ce monde, où les meilleures choses
 Ont le pire destin ;
 Et Rose, elle a vécu ce que vivent les roses,
 L' espace d' un matin.

Nata fuit terris, ubi quæ potiora vigescunt,
 Prima eadem fato deteriore cadunt ;
 Illa Rosæ fragilem cepit cum nomine vitam,
 Una dedit cunas, funus et una dies !

Among school-boy quirks of the Pays Latin is the following verse, which may be read backwards as well as forwards :

Si bene te tua laus taxat, sua laute tenebis.

But more remarkable still is a distich, which may be treated in the same way, and which savours so of heresy, that the good fathers put us upon bread and water for irreverently reciting it.

Signa te, signa ; temere me tangis et angis :
 Roma tibi subito motibus ibit amor.

I might insert among oddities of literature a Latin hymn, sung with enthusiasm at a college not unknown to fame, by doctors, masters, bachelors, and freshmen, sometime within the last two years ; but I forbear, as none of my acquaintances have been able to reduce its scansion to any of the metres of Hermann. A most jawbreaking Latin epitaph,

paraded in certain New York papers, would also appear, were we not in dread of raising the ghost of Priscian. The respective authors may be comforted to reflect that Sir Nathaniel said *bone* for *bene* ;* that Luther, in a nodding moment, wrote *bibliam* ; and that all their elegancies may be sustained from passages in Ortuinus, and the *Epistolae Obscurorum Virorum*. My dear old master, James Ross, who made a Pays Latin of his school room in Fourth street, and administered the 'tawse' with Roman austerity and diction, sometimes strayed into verse. My surviving classmates will not have forgotten his Vocabulary, with the original Sapphics at the end. They were better as to quantity than quality. The good old man's prefaces were crabbed though grammatical. He attended Dr. Wilson's church, and had Greek and Latin Bibles in his pew. His was the last American school, in which, so far as I know, the common talk was in Latin ; and these pages may meet the eye of a learned friend, who in his boyhood came from the Valley to buy one of the old gentleman's publications, and incurred his wrath for blundering in his penultimates. Forgive me, dear fellow-sufferers of by-gone years, in that unventilated school-room, if I awaken your thoughts by a few verses ; though, as one says in Shakspeare, 'Why should I write this down, that's riveted, screwed to my memory ?'

Re x, Phoenix, bombyx, chalybs, varix,
 Grex, vortex, sorex, volvox, calix,
 Gryps, cespes, hylax, limes, ensis,
 Glis, fomes, torris, gurgis, mensis,
 Vepres, impes, vermis, vertex,
 Bes, callis, caulis, fustis, vervex.

E. I. N.

* *Love's Labour Lost*, Act V. Scene 1.